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THE TWO FUNERALS.

In attending the funerals of departed friends, I am apt, as is probably a general case, not only to moralise within my own breast on the shortness and uncertainty of life, but to review the circumstances of the life and death of the individual whom I am to assist in consigning to the earth, with a view to extracting from those circumstances hints and maxims, for guidance and for warning, or at least to make them an occasion for chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Two funerals at which I have lately been a mourner, awakened in me unusually deep feelings. To external observation, the cases were alike: in each instance, a young married woman, erewhile gay, handsome, and accomplished, was to be borne to the last narrow house. But, to those who knew the domestic circumstances of the parties, no two individuals could appear to have died from such opposite causes. And it was this occult diversity in what was apparently so much alike, that chiefly served to rivet my attention to two natural calamities which might have otherwise passed without further notice, though, singly, they could have at no time failed to interest my feelings.

The first of the two ladies had been married about two years before, to a man in every respect worthy of her. When their union took place, any one, observing the graces of person and mind possessed by the wife, and knowing the integrity and liberality of nature of the husband, would have been disposed to say, "There is a couple, who, as far as natural circumstances give reason to predicate, must surely lead a long and happy life." The first months of their union were spent in such a manner as would have justified such a prediction. In a handsomely furnished house, with all the comforts which an honourable industry could command, they enjoyed that happiness which their own excellent dispositions and mutual attachment rendered almost inevitable. Too well satisfied with their own society, to need much of that of their fellow-creatures, they rarely went abroad; but, when they did so, they were the grace of every company they entered. It was impossible, indeed, for the most invidious or misanthropical nature to contemplate so beautiful a social arrangement as that which this pair exemplified in their married life, without a sympathetic pleasure. The most obstinate bigot to celibacy must have confessed, that surely that was a divine institution which could place two human beings in a relation so nearly realising what the blessed think of heaven. I saw the lady on one occasion of festivity, when her light figure and lovely countenance, as they flitted through the dance, were the delight and admiration of all present. I thought a fairer vision had never come before my eyes, nor ever been present to my dreams. Could I have supposed that, in a few months, I was to be present when that blooming form, deprived of all its grace and animation, was to be laid in the darkling tomb?

To trace the causes of the final illness of this fair creature would, I have been informed, have been a difficult task for her physician; much more so would it be to one who knew her by little more than hearsay. The Author of Nature, we can well see, has decreed that all the highest moral qualities which can engage our love or esteem may be united to a frame of the weakest structure, and that no merit of whatever kind will avail to ward off a single physical evil which may have been, however inadvertently, incurred. A

general provision, it is evident, has been made, in order that the human frame may perform all its functions healthily till old age; but no power has been given to save it from certain mischances which ignorance or chance may bring upon it. Certain it is, that this good and gentle being never recovered from her first confinement. From that day, her life was one continued indisposition, under which her body wasted away, until it at last manifested all the too-well known symptoms of consumption.

When I first thought of submitting this case to public notice, it was with no conviction of its possessing, in itself, any extraordinary features which might serve to fix general attention. It is in its contrast with the case which follows that the interest of this very unpretending paper, if it have any, must lie. In the decline of the unfortunate lady there was not even, as far as I am aware, a medical peculiarity. Consumption, with her, pursued simply its ordinary course, leaving her friends, from the first, scarcely the slightest ground of hope. The conduct of her husband on this occasion was nothing more than a natural duty; but it is worth while to state what a good man has deemed a duty on such an occasion. He in the first place devoted himself, as far as his engagements would allow, to the company of his wife. He denied himself every amusement that he might study her comfort, and soothe her wasting spirit. His fortune was expended liberally in bringing to her couch such medical skill as was supposed by his friends to hold out the slightest hope of benefit, and in suiting her chamber, by a thousand little devices and furnishings, to the requirements of her delicate condition. No mother could have lulled an ailing baby of a month old with more tenderness, than did he exhibit in cheering the last moments of his dying wife. She sunk amidst the sighs and prayers of an affection for which it would have indeed been worth while to live.

The details of the opposite case are of too painful a nature to be long dwelt upon. A young lady of pleasing person and manners, and reared in a sphere of society, which, though no way elevated, allowed her in early life to enjoy many indulgences, and acquire many ornamental accomplishments, disappointed in obtaining the hand of an individual who had won her affections, gave herself to another suitor who was totally unfitted in ordinary circumstances to have conciliated the least share of her regard. While to ordinary observers the situation and character of the husband were respectable, those who knew him closely were aware that his nature was cold and harsh, his manners rude and grovelling, and that he was the slave of a sordid economy, which would not allow him to indulge in any of what are called the elegancies of life, though it never restrained him in his own coarse amusements. Hitherto, his house had been managed by a mother, who thought no servile office beneath her, and had no inclination to live in a style above that of the plainest rustic families. It may readily be supposed that the young lady, on commencing her married life, found herself in an element most unsuitable to her nature. The house and furniture which had hitherto accommodated the husband and his mother, were expected still to be sufficient, though no provision was made, or proposed to be made, for the separate residence of the old lady. The same humble style of living was, moreover, kept up, and, to make sure that it should be so, the old lady was continued in her office of general manager—a violation of the usual practice, for which it did not seem to be supposed that any apology was necessary. The young wife thus found herself altogether without power and without freedom, and, at the same time, condemned to a

manner of living far beneath that to which she had been accustomed. When any of her friends came to visit her, she was unable to receive them as if she were mistress of the house, or to extend to them the simplest forms of hospitality. Her husband and his mother at the same time showed very unequivocally, that no person of genteel appearance was welcome there. Vexed by the embarrassment of her manner, and disgusted by the vulgar rudeness of her new relations, her old friends soon discontinued their visits, and thus she was in a short while entirely cut off from the more amiable and refined world in which she had formerly moved.

It is one of the greatest drawbacks from the boasted virtues of the humbler class of minds, that they are unfurnished with the means of regulating their feelings. The relation of mother-in-law towards daughter-in-law is a trying one, and, where the mind is completely unregulated, is almost certain to be an unhappy one. In the present case, the husband's mother, though qualified to fulfil all common duties creditably, being quite unaccustomed to control her feelings or make allowances for the feelings of others, soon became a source of unspeakable torment to her daughter-in-law; and still, in all their variances, the husband was sure to take part with the more sordid of his two housekeepers. If the young lady had possessed a vigorous character, she might have contended successfully with some of her difficulties; but she was in reality of a mild and pliant nature, and yielded readily to the pressure of circumstances. In no long time, it was ascertained by her friends that her elegance of form and of habits was gone, that she had sunk into the drudge which her new friends wished her to be, and could now have been scarcely recognised by those who had been accustomed to meet her in gay assemblies a few years before. But though she thus submitted to her destiny, it was not without the severest suffering. Her life was one of pure wretchedness—wretchedness without hope, for she knew of no refuge from the gross scene to which she had been introduced. Beings so miserable as she rarely live long. We soon heard that she had become afflicted with a very painful malady, and that, in its severest accessions, there was no mitigation to the ordinary sorrows of her fate. Her husband, professing not to believe that her ailment was of a dangerous nature, not only paid her no personal attention, but refused to afford her the requisite medical attendance. Continuing his usual avocations, as if his wife had only been suffering from a slight indisposition, he was surprised, one night, on returning home from a gross carouse, to find that she was released from all her troubles.

I have no wish to expatiate upon the claims which this tale presents to pity or to indignation. Neither am I disposed to moralise on the imprudence by which, in one sense, the unfortunate lady might be said to have occasioned her own ruin. Whatever sentiments the tale is fitted to excite, it will already have excited; whatever moral it is calculated to convey, it will already have conveyed. For my own part, I can only, with an emotion of deep sympathy, think of the fellow-beings whom I lately knew, beautiful, gay, and hopeful, forming part of a multitude, living, hoping, and enjoying, like themselves, but who are now, by the force of circumstances traceable and untraceable, struck from the roll of life, and made the prey of dumb forgetfulness. Unlike, alas, were the latter days of these two fine beings; but now the grass grows with equal greenness over the lowly beds of both, and in a few short years there will be none to tell that they were either alike in their original beauty and apparent destiny, or in the end so woefully different!

PAUL CUFFEE.

It is with much pleasure that we introduce to our readers a sketch of the history of Paul Cuffee, a negro not unworthy to be classed with Jenkins, Lott Cary, and Phillis Wheatley, persons of colour, with whose talents and virtues the readers of the present work were formerly made acquainted. After the explanatory remarks which accompanied the notices alluded to, it is scarcely necessary to repeat here, that, in recording these instances of mental capacity and goodness of disposition in the dark races, it is not our intention to represent the black as possessed of a native equality of intellect with the white, and that education and other circumstances operate all the difference which is observable between them. This is a proposition, we believe, of too ambitious and extreme a character to be sustained, however pleasing it may be to the philanthropist. A much more moderate proposition seems to be the one which approaches nearest to the truth; and this is, that while, in the mass, the coloured races are far behind the whites, such examples of intellect and virtue as are seen in Cary and Jenkins prove that there is no absolute difference in specific character between the black and white races, and lead us to hope that the former, by cultivation through successive generations, may reach the same point to which the latter have attained. This slow mode of advance, generation by generation, is shown, indeed, by the history of civilisation among the white races, to be the universal law of social progress. Ages have been required to make the white race what it now is, and the improvement of the African mind must in like manner be the work of ages, and of ages, too, judiciously employed.

With this explanation of our views, we turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life, but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, most of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a "common man at the mast." His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition was perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed, at different periods, by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme; an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul, but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into

the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas, poor Paul!—he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport, in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been, which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of every thing but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him; he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee, as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood, he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever, beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings of any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to, put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons burthen, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coast. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport river, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance:—Having felt in his own person the want of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason, the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up, but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The "Ranger" was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons burthen. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the Ranger; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give the reader some idea of the low estimation in which the African race were held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader, that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna in Nanticoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook of his good fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property, in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig, likewise, of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the mean time fitted himself, also, with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig Tra-

veller of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship Alpha, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the Alpha himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig Traveller, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a licence, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool, with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired. Whether he is yet alive, it is not in our power to say; his family, at least, we know, are still engaged in the commercial pursuits in which he led the way.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the Liverpool Mercury at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article:—"A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends."

THE BRAGGE FAMILY.

The accession in 1820 of the Hon. Augustus Theophilus Bragge to the property of a maternal uncle in a central English county, caused a prodigious sensation. Mr Bragge was the younger brother of an Irish peer, and, having been previously limited to a very small income for the support of a large family, had been one of the first persons to repair to the Continent after the restoration of the Bourbons, in order to educate his daughters with less expense than would have been incurred at home. This circumstance, however, did not transpire, and he entered upon his estate with all the éclat of his connection with an old baronial family, unalloyed by the stigma of previous poverty. The eldest of Mr Bragge's growing up daughters had reached her twenty-second year; the youngest was about fifteen; there was a baby besides, and three or four sons. All the girls were remarkably handsome; their beauty was of that striking and attractive kind which is recognised at once, and cannot be disputed. The three elder girls were out, the fourth coming out, and the two others ready to come out whenever a marriage in the family should afford a vacant seat in Mrs Bragge's carriage.

Seventeen years ago, the quiet society of the English counties was comparatively little acquainted with foreign manners. The admiration, therefore, excited by the Misses Bragge, was not unmingled with surprise. Their natural vivacity, aided by a French education, rendered them very different from the pattern young ladies of their circle. Fortunately, they were very good-tempered and obliging; and though they waltzed to excess, and wore shorter petticoats than ever had been seen before, it was only the very rigid and censorious who ventured any disparaging remark. Mr Bragge commenced his career in England by keeping open house. He made no invidious distinctions respecting his visitors, receiving all comers with a hearty hospitality worthy of old time. The family took possession of the estate in the month of August, and immediately a scene of festivity commenced, which lasted without intermission until the return of the season called them to London. Such riding, and driving, and pic-nicking to every place in the neighbourhood where there was any thing to be seen! It was thought nothing to go fifteen or twenty miles to a ball; and the intention of the Bragges to be present was sure to congregate all the beauty, fashion, and bachelorhood of the vicinity.

The place in which public assemblies were held at Singleton, at the period of which we write, was a building erected over the market, and rather oddly constructed—no unusual circumstance in a country town. It had at first been approached by an outside stair; but, this being found very inconvenient, another entrance had been opened under cover, and the company now walked through the butcher's shambles into a small dark vestibule, which

led, in the first instance, to a large kitchen, in which on market-days the farmers usually dined from the smoking joints roasted at immense fireplaces at either end. On ball nights, this apartment was dedicated to the tea-kettles which supplied boiling water for that beverage which cheers but not inebriates, together with negus and lemonade, forming the liquid refreshments provided on such occasions. A gloomy ill-lighted staircase led to a suite of four apartments, one being a small ante-chamber, in which stood the persons who received the tickets of the subscribers; the largest of the remaining three formed the ball-room, the two others being dedicated to tea and cards. All were dismal enough, being panelled with dark wood, or hung with dingy paper, and badly illuminated by a few very old-fashioned chandeliers, and grandoles made of an uncouth mixture of glass and brass, and calculated to hold a very small number of candles.

In 1820, the balls at Singleton had fallen off considerably. They had been for the most part limited to the genteel sort among the town's people who were eligible to be subscribers; and in consequence of the lame manner in which quadrilles were executed, country dances had maintained their ascendancy upon the floors long after they had been exploded from every other town. Six or eight lugubrious-looking couples would take their places in the centre of the dismal ball-room, and go through the evolutions in that spiritless manner, which a paucity of numbers upon any occasion of hilarity generally produces. The arrival of the Bragge family in the county changed the aspect of affairs. Mr Bragge senior, to oblige his daughters, consented to take the office of steward upon himself; and in consequence, a vast concourse of people were collected together—crowds which brought to mind the good old times in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants of the place. Previously to this era, the Misses Tollemache had led the fashion in the neighbourhood of Singleton. They were very fine girls; very correct in their deportment, and had the character of being proud and difficult. Hitherto an attendance at the balls at Singleton had been considered too great a condescension by these young ladies; and their absence kept many others away, few liking to go to a place which the Tollemaches despised. A spirit of rivalry now operated as a stimulant, and determined them to take the field against the Bragges. The latter family were at first wholly unconscious of the jealous feelings which they excited; they entered the ball-room solely in pursuit of pleasure, and gave themselves up to the unrestrained indulgence of the gaiety of their hearts. They were constantly surrounded by all the beaux, while the Tollemaches were comparatively neglected, being only asked to dance by those who had failed in securing a hand of the Misses Bragge. Three of the four sisters, for the one who was coming out in London had come out in the country, were nearly equally the objects of admiration; but Miss Bragge, the eldest, was universally pronounced to bear away the palm, and to her standard the elite of the male portion of the assembly flocked. Amongst many others, she attracted the great man of the neighbourhood, Sir Charles Dorrington, a young baronet of large fortune, who was supposed to be looking out for a wife. This gentleman had paid some attention to the elder Miss Tollemache, and had been universally set down as her admirer; but before matters had gone too far, the appearance of Miss Bragge changed the spirit of his dream, and he now exhibited himself as the devoted slave of the new beauty.

The card-players of the balls at Singleton had been, time out of mind, subjected to two distinct species of annoyance, the one being the smoke, which, when the wind set in a particular direction, poured down the chimney, whether there was any fire in the apartment or not—the other, the interruptions of young ladies with their partners, who would sit down and talk, sometimes in a loud key, about nonsense, which distracted the attention of all the whist players, and sometimes in a low tone, which would occasion some very inquisitive old lady or gentleman, anxious to catch the purport of the conversation, to revoke. Upon the present evening, Miss Bragge and Sir Charles Dorrington proved the greatest delinquents. After almost every dance, they bolted in, seated themselves behind the door, and talked incessantly. Some people averred that an offer was certainly made and accepted; but as the parties had never met before, this seemed premature. Miss Tollemache looked on with suppressed rage. The tide of popularity ran so strongly in favour of the Bragges, that prudence dictated a pacific appearance, since any show of hostility would have been attributed to jealousy; and therefore the Misses Tollemache admitted at once, that the Bragges were very fine girls, with exceedingly enviable spirits. "It was certainly merely a matter of taste," they continued, "but, for their part, they liked less display; these foreign manners did not quite suit them." The Misses Tollemache had a brother, with whom they walked in turn; thus showing off their figures, without incurring the odium which attached itself to those who were less scrupulous in the choice of a partner. Young Tollemache, who would rather have danced with one of the Bragges, thought the duty a bore, and wished that his mother would take the girls to France to get rid of their starch; but Lady Jane Tollemache, who had been a great favourite of old Queen Charlotte in her day, loudly expressed her determination that her daughters should never make such an exhibition of themselves. She drew a small circle around her, who fully concurred in her views of propriety, and who felt assured that the example of a few persons like herself would check the progress of that general licence which threatened to change the face of society.

The balls at Singleton were generally over by two o'clock in the morning; it seemed quite impossible to sustain life till a later hour upon tea, bread and butter, and weak negus. At an early hour in the evening, Sir Charles Dorrington had suggested the scheme of a supper at a neighbouring inn. The Bragges eagerly acceded to the plan, and a few choice spirits were collected for the purpose. The Tollemache family were invited as a matter of form; but Lady Jane gave a dignified refusal, and looked daggers at her son, who, having packed up his

sisters in the family coach, ran to offer his arm to Emily Bragge, who skipped across the street and over the gutters in her white satin shoes, with some flimsy thing of a shawl over her head. It was reported next day that the Misses Bragge sang after supper, which, though allowable in the mansion of a friend, was deemed highly improper at a public inn. The party, however, was a very joyous one, and it led to the proposal of a ball to be given by the bachelors at the same place. So brilliant an affair had never been heard of at Singleton before. The Bragges were the queens of the evening, while the eldest daughter might be called the empress; their dresses had come direct from Paris, and were unlike any thing that had been seen in England before, while it was remarked that the eternal white satin of the Tollemaches had a very heavy appearance. If any doubt could have remained upon the minds of the spectators respecting the intentions of Sir Charles, they were now dissipated. It was very certain that he desired nothing so much as to become the husband of the beautiful girl, whom, against all the rules of etiquette, he led to the supper room, and seated at his right hand at the top of the table, above all the matrons and dowagers of the party. Henrietta Tollemache almost made up her mind to the loss of the young baronet, and by every body the marriage of the happy pair was looked upon as a settled thing.

No such marriage, however, took place. Miss Bragge, having the vision of a dual coronet flitting before her eyes, refused the baronet. Sir Charles, though at first disposed to give way to despair, consoled himself with the idea that time and assiduity would work a change in his favour. He was not aware of the ambition which lurked in the bosom of the lady of his affections, while she, satisfied with having assured him of her determination, considered herself at liberty to receive attentions paid under, what she chose to consider, a full knowledge of the state of the case. Mrs Bragge, who was of an indolent disposition, and had no voice in the family, regretted this rejection. With so many daughters, she thought it a good thing to get one off her hands, and was of opinion that Geraldine's marriage with Sir Charles would save a great deal of trouble. Other offers were made, and refused; and some of the cavaliers, either more or less sensitive than the baronet, withdrew upon the failure of their hopes; the remainder, assured of the consequences of hazarding a proposal, contented themselves with laughing, and talking, and flirting, and in this manner time sped upon its lightest plumes. The shooting season brought quantities of young men to Mr Bragge's manors, to the great detriment of the game, and the no small diminution of the contents of the cellar. Every body went out in the morning, either to knock down the hares and the partridges, or to lunch with the sportsmen in some approved spot. Riding and driving occupied the remainder of the day until dinner, and in the evening there was music and dancing. With the addition of the female visitors, the Bragges could always get up a ball without extraneous aid, and the arrival of Christmas brought with it fresh sets of company, and fresh methods of beguiling time. Meanwhile, Mr Bragge's grown-up sons thought themselves entitled to live in the style becoming their expectations. One, who was with his regiment, kept up a very gay establishment; and the eldest, being the heir, divided his time between Melton Mowbray and home, with occasional visits to distant parts of the country, in which good hunting was to be had.

At length Easter arrived, and the Bragges took their departure for London, leaving the county in a state of quietude which it had not enjoyed for many a long day. Intelligence of the festivities in which the family had been engaged in the great metropolis, was duly forwarded to Singleton through the medium of the fashionable papers. The coteries of the town learned that four of the Misses Bragge had been presented at court, and though rather puzzled by the mystical language in which the account of their dresses was conveyed, understood that they made a very brilliant appearance. Frequent mention was subsequently made of the beautiful sisters; and in the course of a few weeks the following announcement showed that the expectations entertained by the family of an alliance with the peerage, were not without foundation:—"Married, at St George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean, &c., Lord Viscount Rosallan, &c., to Letitia Eugenia, third daughter of the Hon. Augustus Theophilus Bragge, of — Hall, in —shire." This was rather a surprise to the good folks of the country, since, according to their unsophisticated notions, Letitia Bragge seemed to be the least amiable of the family. There was an expression in her countenance which might be taken for a sneer; she had not the vivacity which characterised her sisters, and there were some persons who went so far as to say that they thought her a little stupid, and rather ill-tempered. How it so happened that the qualities of her mind, which were thus stigmatised in the country, procured her more favour in London than was accorded to the other Misses Bragge, they could not make out. In the simplicity of their hearts, the Singletonians felt quite assured, that, as the third daughter had become a viscountess, the oldest would be a marchioness at least, and might look up to a dual coronet. Geraldine unfortunately thought the same, and the illusion was fostered by the attentions of a young duke, which, however, never came to any thing; and at the end of the London season, Mr Bragge returned into the country, with all his family about him, Lady Rosallan alone excepted. Soon after their arrival, Lady Jane Tollemache discovered, greatly to her vexation, that her only son George, who was just of age, had engaged himself to Emily Bragge. She had perceived a good deal of dancing and flirting going on between the parties during the spring; but as she had given her opinion pretty strongly regarding the young lady, she concluded that an only son, so well brought up, and so fully warned respecting the consequences of such an alliance, would never think of doing so mad a thing. She was mistaken; and George proclaimed that he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, by leading Emily to the altar, which proved a severe blow to Lady Jane and her daughters. Sir Charles Dorrington was observed to be as attentive as ever to Miss Bragge, but with the success of Lady Rosallan

before her eyes, and a young duke in her head, she could not be prevailed upon to listen to him.

The recess passed away nearly in the same manner that the preceding one had done; the two younger girls came out, so that there were still four Misses Bragge to be seen at all the balls and races; Geraldine, however, continuing to be considered the flower of the family. The next London season produced nothing, at least nothing of consequence; the young duke who had been so attentive, married somebody else, but his place was supplied by an earl, who, it was thought, would certainly propose. This nobleman had promised to spend a part of the shooting season at Bragge Hall; consequently there could be no hope for Sir Charles Dorrington; and, either tired of the pursuit, or convinced of the utter heartlessness of its object, he withdrew his pretensions. In a mood of mind to be grateful for the flattering conviction that he had been long favourably regarded by another, he fell in with Henrietta Tollemache, who very adroitly drew him into matrimony. The earl did not fulfil his engagement, and Miss Bragge, for the first time in her life, found herself without any professed dangle. She determined to make good use of the following season, but it brought out some formidable competitors. Lady Rosallan was on the Continent, and the circle which George Tollemache drew around him, did not offer any thing of sufficient consequence to induce her to relinquish the chances of another season. People now began to reckon the number of years during which Miss Bragge had been out. Her sister Stella had deemed it full time to marry, and, failing to procure a suitable establishment, accepted the hand of an officer who held a high command in a South American service, and who, having been well introduced, and covered with orders, had passed himself off as a very great personage at Notaxcanpa, or some such place. Mr Bragge's estate was now discovered to be not quite equal to the demands made upon it. The family, therefore, not finding it convenient to return to the country, went to rasciate at Boulogne. A winter in Paris was subsequently tried, and some very ruinous expenditure incurred, and, after various chances and changes, the family settled at Cheltenham. It happened, shortly afterwards, that Miss Bragge, in paying a visit to her sister Mrs Tollemache, came to Singleton by the stage-coach, and, while waiting for the carriage, which her brother-in-law had promised to send for her, gazed upon the site of the theatre of her former glories. The site only remained, for, in the progress of improvement, the market-place and the clumsy building above it had disappeared, the former being removed to another part of the town. Some better feelings passed across her mind, and, turning from the window, her eyes encountered a looking-glass. The form reflected there was certainly very different from that which, years before, had been displayed upon its surface. All its youth and freshness were gone; the face was haggard and care-worn; the figure had lost its roundness; and she sighed as she reflected upon the waste of years, and the foolish ambition which had led her to despise the blessings within her reach. Her mortifications did not end here, for she was obliged to meet Sir Charles and Lady Dorrington very frequently, and many a bitter tear did she shed in secret over the wreck of all her hopes. On her return to Cheltenham, she found it impossible to settle down. The appearance of the house, its mean decayed furniture, bearing marks of the destructive propensities of many a former tenant, the apology for a man servant, the ill-served dinner, and the difficulty of procuring fitting apparel for the parties which still formed the sole amusement of her life, impressed her with the necessity of striking some bold stroke. There were still two sisters besides herself unmarried—one who was a confirmed invalid, and upon whose account they were obliged to continue at Cheltenham—and another, the baby mentioned in a preceding paragraph, who had grown up into rather a fine girl, but very inferior in personal attractions to her elder sisters. This young person, who had never known the splendour formerly enjoyed by the family, was quite as eager after amusement as her sisters had been, and carried on the same sort of pursuits, though in a very limited sphere. During a visit to Lady Rosallan, Geraldine had succeeded in captivating a man of large property, and hopes which had long lain dormant, now revived. She was unfortunately obliged to return home before the affair could be settled, but was speedily followed by her admirer. He had been charmed by the spirit, elegance, and intelligence of Miss Bragge; but the sight of her youngest sister, who, though immeasurably inferior to what she had been, had now, with some resemblance, the advantages of youth and natural brilliancy, changed the object of his pursuit, and he made an offer to Elizabeth. Mr Bragge, too happy to marry a daughter so well, gave his consent. The young lady had been brought up in a school in which self-interest was more considered than any finer sentiment. She therefore made no objection, and Geraldine was obliged to conceal her feelings of mortification as best she might.

At this time several other very disagreeable things occurred. Mrs Huddersfield, who had come back a widow from South America, with four children, and the promise of a pension from the Notaxcanpaian government, was very much in the way of Miss Bragge. The family finances also grew worse and worse, and they were threatened with a terrible affair between the Tollemaches. George Tollemache, inexperienced and indiscreet, had been guilty of many acts of worse than folly; and his wife, writhing under his neglect, had, by way of recalling him, endeavoured to excite in him the dangerous sentiment of jealousy. Her mother and sisters-in-law, by whom she was hated, took advantage of this mistaken policy to poison the mind of her husband against her. A separation, under very painful circumstances, was anticipated; and though, through the generous interference of Sir Charles Dorrington, the breach was to outward appearance healed, the ill treatment which she had received, and the sense of the rashness of the attempt which she had made to revive her husband's affection, sank deep in Emily's heart. She never recovered it; and her death, which took place soon afterwards, proved the result of

the wretched system of education which had left the happiness of the Bragge family to the direction of chance.

The Hon. Augustus Theophilus, long compelled to find all his amusement at the card table, had sunk into the second stage of a gambler's existence, and, having acquired experience, preyed in turn upon the unwary. Disagreeable stories of the Bragges, some entirely false, and all exaggerated, now furnished a large portion of the conversation of the place. Geraldine, though smarting under the wounds inflicted by these reports, and suffering from the slights which she daily sustained, could not bring herself to contemplate a life of seclusion, and felt as little inclination as ever to receive lessons of wisdom. She still, however, hoped that fortune had something in store for her; but, meanwhile, nothing could be more dismal than her prospects, or more disagreeable than her situation.

At length—to come to the conclusion of our story of the Bragge family—an elderly nobleman, who had buried three wives, and was suspected of an intention of taking a fourth, arrived at Cheltenham. He was guarded by a couple of dragons in the shape of unmarried daughters, who watched him with the utmost circumspection. They were, however, obliged to enter society, and to renew an acquaintance with Lady Jane Tollenmache, notwithstanding their secret dread of Isabella, who, quite as anxious to be married as Geraldine could be, smoothed her brow, and enlivened her usually sour aspect with a smile. Notwithstanding all her misfortunes, smiles were more naturally familiar to the lips of Geraldine; and Lord Wreldsworth, just as he was beginning to wish that Miss Tollenmache did not look quite so precise and old-maidish, encountered his old acquaintance Miss Bragge. His eyes might have been a little dim, but it appeared to him that she did not seem a month older than on the night when, in his second wife's lifetime, he had been so enchanted with her waiting at a fashionable London assembly. Lord Wreldsworth, who had been for some time exceedingly manageable, now broke through all control. He would go and visit the Bragges; lent the father a hundred pounds, just for old acquaintance sake; and, finally, in despite of the rage and vexation of his daughters, and the talk of all Cheltenham, he married Geraldine Bragge. It would be preposterous to say that this late alliance possessed a single redeeming feature. On both sides, it was like most marriages in what are called the higher ranks, perfectly heartless, and was attended with the usual heartless results.

[In the preceding paper the reader will probably recognise the lively descriptive power of an English female writer, who has lately contributed some equally entertaining and correct sketches of provincial manners. We cannot allow the Bragge family to pass from under our notice without expressing our deep regret—living, as we do, and *feeling*, like Singletonians—that, in the superior spheres of English society, the love of splendour and distinction should be so absorbing a passion. With all the advantages of the present advanced state of things, it is to be feared that the more generous and unselfish feelings have yet but little play amongst us. To quote the language of a work, of which a short critical notice has been published under our attention, "The very arts, which seem most to raise and embellish life, introduce in their train habits of effeminacy and self-indulgence. They create new wants, which become, in turn, from servants, masters. They concentrate the entire being within self; they render self-sacrifice an absurdity, duty a difficulty; they add to riches a fictitious value, measured by the lowest passions of our nature." These are sad truths; nor do we see, in existing institutions, the means of giving a different current to mind in the superior circles of society. From causes, however, now in operation, it is not improbable that the light of a superior morality will soon dawn in the lower departments of our community, whence it can scarcely fail in time to ascend to the higher.]

BETTING AT NEWMARKET AND DONCASTER.

THE principal race-ground in England is at Newmarket, where the Jockey-Club have been the proprietors of the course since 1753. Betting is here carried on to an inconceivable extent. "Betting-posts" (says the author of "The Chase, the Road, and the Turf") are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of the gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England, or that misery was scarce any where. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and £50,000, or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day. The writer might have added, that in all probability a principal share, if not the whole of this sum, ought to have been paid to creditors, instead of being thrown away among horse-jockeys and gamblers. The same author mentions a circumstance which occurred in 1834 at Doncaster, which shows that, among noblemen and gentlemen, there are other modes of cheating than by the *auter la coupe-trick*. "A bet of a thousand guineas was made by two persons, renowned on the turf, whom we shall call A and B. A backed the field against certain horses named by B, of which horses, Touchstone, the winner, was not one. B, however, claimed the bet, and produced his list, in which Touchstone, the winner, was named at the bottom of it. A also produced his list, in which Touchstone, the winner, was not named by B, and was therefore a winner for him. The Jockey-Club was resorted to, and the following was the result of their investigation:

"The name of Touchstone," said Mr Wilson, "certainly appears in B's list, and apparently written with the same ink. Now, my old friend Roberts the banker told me, there is a species of ink that can be made to match any shade which that liquid may exhibit, if examined by day-light; but if put to the test of a candle, a difference of tint is plainly shown. Let the room be made dark, then, and candles produced." Now, mark the result, which we are sorry thus to proclaim to the world, particularly as the offending party writes Honourable before his name. "Let the gentleman be shown into the room," said Mr Wilson, when he pronounced the following verdict: "A wins from B one thousand guineas!" It was a forgery."

TEXAS.—FOURTH ARTICLE.

WHATEVER may have been the secret or petty causes of quarrel betwixt the Mexicans and Texans, the substantial grievance of the settlers, that which precipitated them into an open contest, was the unconstitutional act of the Mexicans in 1835, abolishing the federal system of state legislatures, and centralising the whole machinery of government in the city of Mexico. This was a dreadful error in policy, for, even although it may have been for certain reasons desirable, nay, granting it was effected by means strictly within the limits of the constitution, it was not what the Anglo-Americans from the United States had calculated upon, or bargained for, at the period of their settlement, and therefore afforded them a strong ground of truth in declaring themselves ill-used. The regularly constituted legislation of Coahuila and Texas protested against the decree, but, as we formerly stated, resistance was of no avail. The people of Texas, taking advantage of the unsettled state of affairs, perhaps wishing to bring things to a crisis, refused to pay taxes, expelled the custom-house officers, shut up the custom-house, and set the laws of Mexico at defiance. The chief of the central government was Santa Anna, who, having quelled all the resisting non-complying states except Texas, now took measures to bring it under his supreme authority. In September 1835, he dispatched General Coss, with 700 men, to bring the Texans to submission. Coss landed at Campano, and issued a proclamation, in which he stated his objects to be—to enforce the laws, collect the revenue, punish fraudulent speculators, and disarm the insurgents. From Campano he marched to Goliad, and thence to San Antonio de Bexar. The local legislature was now dissolved by force of arms, which was the signal for civil war. On the 7th of November, the Texans issued a declaration, in which they assumed the character of an independent people, and fairly defied the Mexicans to put them down. They at the same time established a provisional government, and endeavoured by loans, and assistance of men and arms from the United States, to maintain what they called their rights. Battles, sieges, skirmishes, and all the ordinary horrors of warfare, followed. At the city of San Antonio de Bexar, several severe encounters took place. The city was first taken by the Mexicans, but afterwards captured by the Texian forces. Santa Anna, with a large army, next advanced to recapture it, and on this occasion a dreadful slaughter ensued. One of the most intrepid defenders of the fort, or the Alamo, as it was called, was Colonel Crockett, whose droll adventures we have occasionally noticed. The following extract from his posthumous work, in which are his daily memoranda of the events of the siege, cannot fail to be perused with interest.

"Feb. 22, (1836).—The Mexicans, about sixteen hundred strong, with their president, Santa Anna, at their head, aided by Generals Almonte, Coss, Sesma, and Castillon, are within two leagues of Bexar. We are up and doing, and as lively as cheese in the dog-days. —23d. Early this morning the enemy came in sight, marching in regular order, and displaying their strength to the greatest advantage, in order to strike us with terror. But that was no go; they'll find that they have to do with men who will never lay down their arms as long as they can stand on their legs. We held a short council of war, and, finding that we should be completely surrounded, and overwhelmed by numbers, if we remained in the town, we concluded to withdraw to the fortress of Alamo, and defend it to the last extremity. We accordingly filed off, in good order, having some days before placed all the surplus provisions, arms, and ammunition, in the fortress. We have had a large national flag made; it is composed of thirteen stripes, red and white, alternately, on a blue ground, with a large white star, of five points in the centre, and between the points the letters TEXAS. As soon as all our little band, about one hundred and fifty in number, had entered and secured the fortress in the best possible manner, we set about raising our flag on the battlements; on which occasion there was no one more active than my young friend the Bee-hunter. The enemy marched into Bexar, and took possession of the town, a blood-red flag flying at their head, to indicate that we need not expect quarters if we should fall into their clutches.

24th. Very early this morning the enemy commenced a new battery on the banks of the river, about three hundred and fifty yards from the fort, and by afternoon they amused themselves by firing at us from that quarter. —25th. The firing commenced early this morning, but the Mexicans are poor engineers, for we haven't lost a single man, and our outworks have sustained no injury. Our sharpshooters have brought down a considerable number of

stragglers at a long shot. The Bee-hunter keeps the whole garrison in good heart with his songs and his jests, and his daring and determined spirit. He is about the quickest on the trigger, and the best rifle shot we have in the fort. I have already seen him bring down eleven of the enemy, and at such a distance we all thought it would be waste of ammunition to attempt it. His gun is first-rate, quite equal to my Betsey, though she has not quite as many trinkets about her. This day a small party sallied out of the fort for wood and water, and had a slight skirmish with three times their number from the division under General Sesma. The Bee-hunter headed them, and beat the enemy off, after killing three. On opening his Bible at night, of which he always reads a portion before going to rest, he found a musket ball in the middle of it. "See here, colonel," said he, "how they have treated the valued present of my dear little Kate of Nacogdoches." "It has saved your life," said I. "True," replied he, more seriously than usual; "and I am not the first sinner whose life has been saved by this book." He prepared for bed, and before retiring he prayed, and returned thanks for his providential escape; and I heard the name of Catherine mingle in his prayer. —27th. Provisions are becoming scarce, and the enemy are endeavouring to cut off our water. If they attempt to stop our grog in that manner, let them look out, for we shall become too wrathful for our shirts to hold us. We are not prepared to submit to an excise of that nature, and they'll find it out. This discovery has created considerable excitement in the fort. —28th. Last night our hunters brought in some corn and hogs, and had a brush with a scout from the enemy beyond gun-shot of the fort. They put the scout to flight and got in without injury. They bring accounts that the settlers are flying in all quarters, in dismay, leaving their possessions to the mercy of the ruthless invader, who is literally engaged in a war of extermination, more brutal than the untutored savage of the desert could be guilty of. Slaughter is indiscriminate, sparing neither sex, age, nor condition. Buildings have been burnt down, farms laid waste, and Santa Anna appears determined to verify his threat, and convert the blooming paradise into a howling wilderness. —29th. Before day-break we saw General Sesma leave his camp with a large body of cavalry and infantry, and move off in the direction of Goliad. We think that he must have received news of Colonel Fanning's coming to our relief. We are all in high spirits at the prospect of being able to give the rascals a fair shake on the plain. This business of being shut up makes a man wolfish. I had a little sport this morning before breakfast. The enemy had planted a piece of ordnance within gun-shot of the fort during the night, and the first thing in the morning they commenced a brisk cannonade, point-blank, against the spot where I was snoring. I turned out pretty smart, and mounted the rampart. The gun was charged again, a fellow stepped forth to touch her off, but before he could apply the match, I let him have it, and he keeled over. A second stepped up, snatched the match from the hand of the dying man, but Thimberig, who had followed me, handed me his rifle, and the next instant the Mexican was stretched on the earth beside the first. A third came up to the cannon, my companion handed me another gun, and I fixed him off in like manner. A fourth, then a fifth, seized the match, who both met with the same fate, and then the whole party gave it up as a bad job, and hurried off to the camp, leaving the cannon ready charged where they had planted it. I came down, took my bitters, and went to breakfast.

March 1. The enemy's forces have been increasing in numbers daily, notwithstanding they have already lost about three hundred men in the several assaults they have made upon us. I neglected to mention in the proper place, that, when the enemy came in sight, we had but three bushels of corn in the garrison, but have since found eighty bushels in a deserted house. Colonel Bowie's illness still continues, but he manages to crawl from his bed every day, that his comrades may see him. His presence alone is a tower of strength. The enemy becomes more daring as his numbers increase. —3d. We have given over all hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio. Colonel Travis harangued the garrison, and concluded by exhorting them, in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp, and render their victory even more serious to them than to us. This was followed by three cheers. —4th. Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect. —5th. Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence for ever!"

Here ends Colonel Crockett's manuscript, and his literary executor takes up the thread of the narrative. "The hand is cold that wrote the foregoing pages, and it devolves upon another to record the subsequent events. Before daybreak, on the 6th of March, the Alamo was assaulted by the whole force of the Mexican army, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The battle was desperate until daylight, when only six men belonging to the Texian garrison were found alive. They were instantly surrounded, and ordered, by General Castillon, to surrender, which they did, under a promise of his protection, finding that resistance any longer would be madness. Colonel Crockett was of the number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered rifle in his right hand, in his left his huge knife dripping blood. There was a

lightful gash across his forehead, while around him there was a complete barrier of about twenty Mexicans, firing pell-mell, dead and dying. At this feat lay the dead body of that well-known character, designated in the Colonel's narrative by the assumed name of Thimbleberg. General Castrillon was brave and not cruel, and proposed to save the prisoners. He marched them up to that part of the fort where stood Santa Anna and his murderous crew. The steady fearless step and undaunted tread of Colonel Crockett on this occasion, together with the bold demeanour of the hardy veteran, had a powerful effect on all present. Nothing daunted, he marched up boldly in front of Santa Anna, and looked him sternly in the face, while Castrillon addressed 'his excellency'—'Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive; how shall I dispose of them?' Santa Anna looked at Castrillon fiercely, flew into a violent rage, and replied, 'Have I not told you before how to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?' At the same time his brave officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of their defenceless prisoners. Colonel Crockett, seeing the act of treachery, instantly sprang like a tiger at the rufian chief, but before he could reach him a dozen swords were sheathed in his indomitable heart; and he fell, and died without a groan, a frown on his brow, and a smile of scorn of defiance on his lips. Castrillon rushed from the scene, apparently horror-struck, sought his quarters, and did not leave them for several days, and hardly spoke to Santa Anna after."

A few days after this disaster, the Texans under General Houston surprised Santa Anna's camp, overpowered his forces, and took himself prisoner. The advantage which they thus gained, they turned to a good account, by endeavouring to bring about a settlement of their affairs.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Twelve months ago, we recommended a work, entitled "Sketches by Boz," to the notice of our readers, at the same time expressing a hope that the author would proceed in the course he had adopted of writing life and character in and about the metropolis. We are extremely glad to find that the distinguished success of Boz's first production has encouraged him to launch forth as a regular contributor to public amusement. At the present moment he is rivalled in the peculiar line he has selected, and, to wonder of every body, has risen from comparative obscurity to a high point of fame in the short space of a single year. Town readers are so well acquainted with Boz and his writings, that it may look like impudence for us to say any thing regarding either the one or the other; but as in all likelihood there are forty or fifty thousand of our Scotch and country friends who hardly ever heard of his existence, we take the liberty of advertising to his style of writing, the subjects he has lately been engaged upon.

Boz is the fictitious signature of a young man named Dickens, who was for some years engaged as a writer in one of the London newspapers, which combined with his humorous and graphic sketches. We are not aware that he is a native of London, but at least, by his residence there, made himself familiar with the peculiarities of the people, the middle and lower ranks, which he has knack of hitting off in a singularly droll and happy manner. We have never visited London without noting that it possessed a prodigious fund of character description, and yet, since the time of Smollett, inexhaustible fund has lain untouched. The most looking and odd-speaking beings were suffered to pass unheeded, unchronicled, except when passing brought into notice by a foreigner—Washington Irving. Upon this mine of character and manners, he has successfully struck. He is now busy in the act of excavation. The chief talent of this clever writer consists in close perception, not only of character, but of every minute circumstance and local peculiarity. Nothing escapes his notice, or fails to be made subject of humorous observation. In order to deal the results of his experience to the best advantage, he lately began, and is now issuing, a series of little pamphlets, called the "Posthumous Papers of Pickwick Club—containing a faithful record of his adventures, perils, travels, adventures, and transactions of the corresponding members." The principal figures in this medley of character are Mr. Pickwick, the founder of the club which goes by his name, and his servant, Sam Weller. It is necessary to say that this worthy pair get all sorts of adventures in town and country, affording a fair field for the exercise of the writer's powers of description. One of the best hit-off scenes in the papers already published, is that in which Mr. Pickwick first becomes acquainted with Sam. We take as a sample of Boz's Pickwickian style:—

"We are in London several old inns, once the headquarters of celebrated coaches in the days when coaches used their journeys in a graver and more solemn manner than they do in these times; but which have now been converted into little more than the abiding and booking-places of country waggons. The reader would look in vain for these ancient hostilities among the Golden Bull and Mouths, which rear their stately fronts on the improved streets of London. If he would go to any of these old places, he must direct his steps to the obscure quarters of the town; and there, in some gloomy nooks, he will find several still standing, with a gloomy sturdiness, amidst the modern innovations that surround them.

In the Borough, especially, there still remain some half dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side.

It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots, early on the morning succeeding the events narrated in the last chapter. He was habited in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and blue gaiters; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and undisturbed way round his neck, and an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him, one cleaned and the other dirty, and at every addition he made to the clean row, he paused from his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction.

The yard presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering waggons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of the second-floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise-carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and penthouses; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart-horse, or rattling of a chain at the further end of the yard, announced to any body who cared about the matter, that the stable lay in that direction. When we add that a few boys in smockfrocks were lying asleep on heavy packages, woolpacks, and other articles that were scattered about on heaps of straw, we have described as fully as need be, the general appearance of the yard of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough, on the particular morning in question.

A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors, and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrades, "Sam!" "Hallo," replied the man with the white hat. "No. 22 wants his boots." "Ask No. 22 whether he'll have 'em now, or wait till he gets 'em," was the reply. "Come, don't be a fool, Sam," said the girl, coaxingly; "the gentleman wants his boots directly."

"Well, you are a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to No. 6, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's No. 22, that's to put all the others out? No, no; regular rotation, as Jack Ketch said, ven he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a-watin', sir, but I'll attend to you directly." Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top-boot with increased assiduity.

There was another loud ring; and the bustling old landlady of the White Hart made her appearance in the opposite gallery. "Sam," cried the landlady, "where's that lazy, idle—why Sam—oh, there you are; why don't you answer?" "Wouldn't be gen'el to answer, 'ill you'd done talking," replied Sam, gruffly. "Here, clean them shoes for No. 17 directly, and take 'em to private sitting-room, No. 5, first floor." The landlady flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard, and bustled away.

"No. 5," said Sam, as he picked up the shoes, and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, made a memorandum of their destination on the soles—"Lady's shoes, and private sittin' room! I suppose she didn't come in the vaggin." "She came in early this morning," cried the girl, who was still leaning over the railing of the gallery, "with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, and it's him as wants his boots, and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it." "Vy didn't you say so before?" said Sam, with great indignation, singing out the boots in question from the heap before him. "For all I know'd he was one o' the regular three-pennies. Private room! and a lady, too! If he's any thing of a gen'l'm'n, he's v'urth a shillin' a-day, let alone the arrands."

Stimulated by this inspiring reflection, Mr Samuel brushed away with such hearty good will, that in a few minutes the boots and shoes, with a polish which would have struck envy to the soul of the amiable Mr Warren (for they used Day and Martin at the White Hart), had arrived at the door of No. 5. "Come in," said a man's voice, in reply to Sam's rap at the door. Sam made his best bow, and stepped into the presence of a lady and gentleman seated at breakfast. Having officiously deposited the gentleman's boots right and left at his feet, and the lady's shoes right and left at hers, he backed towards the door.

"Boots," said the gentleman. "Sir," said Sam, closing the door, and keeping his hand on the knob of the lock. "Do you know—what's a name—Doctors' Commons?" "Yes, sir." "Where is it?" "Paul's Churchyard, sir; low archway on the carriage-side, bookseller's at one corner, hot-ell on the other, and two porters in the middle as touts for licences!"

"Touts for licences!" said the gentleman. "Touts for licences," replied Sam. "Two coves in white aprons—touches their hats ven you walk in—Licence, sir, licence? Queer sort, them, and their mas's too, sir—Old Bailey porters—and no mistake." Having said which, and having paused for an instant to see whether he was wanted for any thing more, Sam left the room.

"Half-past nine—just the time—off at once!" said the gentleman, whom we need hardly introduce as Mr Jingle. "Time—for what?" said the spinster aunt, coquettishly.

"Licence, dearest of angels—give notice at the church—call you mine, to-morrow"—said Mr Jingle, and he squeezed the spinster aunt's hand. "The Licence?" said Rachael, blushing. "The licence," repeated Mr Jingle. "Don't be long," said the spinster, affectionately, as Mr Jingle stuck the pinched-up hat on his head. "Long away from you?—Cruel charmer," and Mr Jingle skipped playfully up to the spinster aunt, imprinted a chaste kiss upon her lips, and danced out of the room. "Dear ma!" said the spinster, as the door closed after him: "Rum old girl," said Mr Jingle, as he walked down the passage.

It is painful to reflect upon the perfidy of our species, and we will not therefore pursue the thread of Mr Jingle's meditations as he wended his way to Doctors' Commons. It will be sufficient for our purpose to relate, that, escaping the snare of the dragons in white aprons, who guard the entrance to that enchanted region, he reached the Vicar-General's office in safety; and having proffered a highly flattering address on parchment, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to his "trusty and well-beloved Alfred Jingle and Rachael Wardle, greeting," he carefully deposited the mystic document in his pocket, and retraced his steps in triumph to the Borough.

He was yet on his way to the White Hart, when two plump gentlemen and one thin one entered the yard, and looked round in search of some authorised person of whom they could make a few inquiries. Mr Samuel Weller happened to be at that moment engaged in burnishing a pair of painted tops, the personal property of a farmer, who was refreshing himself with a slight lunch of two or three pounds of cold beef and a pot or two of porter, after the fatigues of the Borough market; and to him the thin gentleman straightway advanced—

"My friend," said the thin gentleman. "You're one o' the advice gratis order," thought Sam, "or you wouldn't be so werry fond o' me all at once." But he only said—"Well, sir." "My friend," said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hum, "have you got many people stopping here now? Pretty busy, eh?"

Sam stole a look at the inquirer. He was a little dried man, with a dark squeezed-up face, and small restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain and seals depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves in his hands, not on them; and as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.

"Pretty busy, eh?" said the little man. "Oh, werry well, sir," replied Sam; "we shan't be bankrupts, and we shan't make our fortuns. We eat our billed mutton with-out capers, and don't care for horse-radish ven we can get beef." "Ah," said the little man, "you're a wag, a bit you?" "My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint," said Sam; "it may be catching—I used to sleep with him." "This is a curious old house of yours," said the little man, looking round him. "If you'd sent word you was a-coming, we'd ha' had it repaired," replied the imperturbable Sam.

The little man seemed rather baffled by these several repulses, and a short consultation took place between him and the two plump gentlemen. At its conclusion, the little man took a pinch of snuff from an oblong silver box, and was apparently on the point of renewing the conversation, when one of the plump gentlemen, who, in addition to a benevolent countenance, possessed a pair of spectacles and a pair of black gloves, interfered—"The fact of the matter is," said the benevolent gentleman, "that my friend here (pointing to the other plump gentleman) will give you half a guinea, if you'll answer one or two—"

"Now, my dear sir—my dear sir," said the little man, "pray allow me—my dear sir, the very first principle to be observed in these cases, is this; if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business; you must repose implicit confidence in him. Really, Mr (he turned to the other plump gentleman, and said)—I forget your friend's name."

"Pickwick," said Mr Wardle, for it was no other than that jolly personage. "Ah, Pickwick—really, Mr Pickwick, my dear sir, excuse me—I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in this old-fashioned case, with such an argument as the offer of half a guinea! Really, my dear sir, really," and the little man took another argumentative pinch of snuff, and looked very profound and solemn. "You want me to accept of half a guinea," interrupted Sam; "werry well, I'm agreeable; I can't say no fairer than that, can I, sir?" (Mr Pickwick smiled.) "Then this business must next question is, what do you want with me?" "What do I want to know?" said Mr Wardle.

"Now, my dear sir—my dear sir," interposed the busy little man.

Mr Wardle shrugged his shoulders, and was silent. "We want to know," said the little man, solemnly, "and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not wake up apprehensions inside—we want to know what you've got in this house at present."

"Who there is in the house!" said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume which came under his immediate superintendence. "There's a wooden leg in No. 6, there's a pair of Hessians in 13, there's two pair of halves in the commercial, there's these here painted tops in the snug, gery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room."

"Nothing more?" said the little man.

"Stop a bit," replied Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. "Yes; there's a pair of Wellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in No. 5." "What sort of shoes?" hastily inquired Wardle, who, together with Mr Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors.

"Country make," replied Sam. "Any maker's name?" "Brown." "Where of?" "Mugleton." "It is them," exclaimed Wardle. "We've found them."

"Hush!" said Sam. "The Wellingtons has gone to Doctors' Commons." "No," said the little man. "Yes,

for a licence." "We're in time," exclaimed Wardle. "Show us the room; not a moment is to be lost." "Pray, my dear sir—pray," said the little man; "caution, caution." He drew from his pocket a red silk purse, and looked very hard at Sam as he drew out a sovereign. Sam grinned expressively. "Show us into the room at once, without announcing us," said the little man, "and it's yours."

Sam threw the painted tops into a corner, and led the way through a dark passage, and up a wide staircase. He paused at the end of a second passage, and held out his hand. "Here it is," whispered the attorney, as he deposited the money in the hand of their guide. The man stepped forward for a few paces, followed by the two friends and their legal adviser. He stopped at a door. "Is this the room?" murmured the little gentleman. Sam nodded assent.

Old Wardle opened the door; and the whole three walked into the room just as Mr Jingle, who had that moment returned, had produced the licence to the spinster aunt.

The spinster uttered a loud shriek, and, throwing herself in a chair, covered her face with her hands. Mr Jingle crumpled up the licence, and thrust it into his coat-pocket. The unwelcome visitors advanced into the middle of the room.

"You—you are a nice rascal, arn't you?" exclaimed Wardle, breathless with passion. "My dear sir, my dear sir," said the little man, laying his hat on the table. "Pray, consider—pray. Defamation of character, action for damages. Calm yourself, my dear sir, pray—"

"How dare you drag my sister from my house?" said the old man. "Ay—ay—very good," said the little gentleman, "you may ask that. How dare you, sir?—ch, sir?" "Who are you?" inquired Mr Jingle, in so fierce a tone, that the little gentleman involuntarily fell back a step or two.

"Who is he, you scoundrel!" interposed Wardle. "He's my lawyer, Mr Perker, of Gray's Inn. Perker, I'll have this fellow prosecuted—indicted—I'll—I'll ruin him. And you," continued Mr Wardle, turning abruptly round to his sister, "you Rachel, at a time of life when you ought to know better, what do you mean by running away with a vagabond, disgracing your family, and making yourself miserable. Get on your bonnet, and come back. Call a hackney-coach there, directly, and bring this lady's bill, d'ye hear—d'ye hear?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Sam, who had answered Wardle's violent ringing of the bell with a degree of celerity which must have appeared marvellous to any body who didn't know that his eye had been applied to the outside of the key-hole during the whole interview.

"Get on your bonnet," repeated Wardle. "Do nothing of the kind," said Jingle. "Leave the room, sir—no business here—lady's free to act as she pleases—more than one-and-twenty."

"More than one-and-twenty!" ejaculated Wardle, contemptuously. "More than one-and-forty!"

"I ain't," said the spinster aunt, her indignation getting the better of her determination to faint. "You are," replied Wardle; "you're fifty if you're an hour." Here the spinster aunt uttered a loud shriek, and became senseless.

"Boots," said Jingle, "get me an officer." "Stay, stay," said little Mr Perker. "Consider, sir, consider." "I'll not consider," replied Jingle, "she's her own mistress—see who dares take her away, unless she wishes it." [This firmness on the part of Jingle immediately brings about a compromise. He is led into another room, accepts a cheque for a hundred and twenty pounds, and forthwith leaves the lady in the hands of her friends. Mr Pickwick is so well pleased with Sam's conduct in the affair, that he takes him from his profession of "boots," and constitutes him his own personal attendant.]

LOSS OF BRITISH SHIPPING.

So deficient is the construction of our ships, that the average annual loss, taking the period from 1793 to 1829, is 557 vessels; but of late years the loss has been increasing in an alarming degree—no fewer than 1068 having, in the year 1829, been wrecked, foundered, upset, or driven ashore. It appears, in fact, that our merchant ships are the worst in the world, and that they have been rapidly declining of late years. The chief cause of this is the system of insurance, combined with classifying the ships at Lloyd's. After a certain length of time, a ship ceases to be in the first class A 1, whatever may be her strength. The merchant, finding the rate of insurance is lowest on new ships, of course prefers them. The ship-owner is thus compelled to have not good but new ships; he, like the merchant, protects himself against the risk of loss from their insufficiency, by insurance; and hence it is only cheap ships that are in demand. A merchant ship, of 1000 tons, is only three inches thick in the bottom; while a ship of the Royal Navy, of equal tonnage, is twenty-one inches thick. Many merchant ships are so weak, even when new, that they cannot bear the weight of their own cargoes, unless when afloat; and hence the enormous loss of that kind of shipping, compared with that of the Royal Navy, and the vessels of the East India Company, neither of which are insured. In 1833, 800 merchant ships were lost, and not one of the Royal Navy. Although ship-builders, ship-owners, merchants, and insurers, may all contrive to carry on a lucrative business, the loss of property, amounting to about three millions a-year, ultimately falls on the public, in the form of an increased price of the commodities carried by sea. The loss of life by this state of matters is so great, that Professor Faraday lately mentioned, at the Royal Society, that of all classes of men, sailors are the shortest lived.—*Tail's Magazine*, April 1837.

We have seen other reasons given for the use of bad vessels; one in particular is so obvious that it deserves notice. When a crazy vessel is damaged, it goes at once to the bottom, or is knocked in pieces, and there is no trouble whatever in recovering the value insured; but when a good vessel is damaged, and not totally wrecked, it can be repaired; and there is then a vast deal of trouble, perhaps litigation, in recovering the actual amount of loss

incurred. We have an instance in point within our own experience. Some time ago we sent a large quantity of goods to a distant colony, and the vessel carrying them being partially wrecked, our goods were partially damaged. When we shall receive their value as insured, or payment for the injury done them, we cannot tell. It is a troublesome business. Had the ship gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of hanging together till it got into port, we should long ere now have received the value for which we effected an insurance. There could have been no difficulty in the matter. "But why not compel the underwriter to pay the injury, and be done with it?" we hear some one say. In other words, "why not ruin yourselves with a law-suit in order to get justice?" We prefer putting up with the loss or the delay, as the case may be. And there closes the argument. There is only one way of putting an end to these absurdities—let a proper maritime code of law be established, which would settle all disputes about insurance off hand, without either trouble or expense.

POETRY OF MANY LANDS.

FRANCE.—BERANGER.

In the present age, a lyrical genius, gifted with powers extraordinary in extent, and of an order almost unique, has adorned the national literature of France. This lyricist is still alive, his name, as many of our readers will know, being Pierre Jean de Beranger. The songs of Beranger amount to several hundreds, and have long been deservedly and universally popular with the French people. It is scarcely possible to give a general character of these compositions, so varied are the subjects which the lyricist, with a skill almost unparalleled in this species of writing, has melted and mingled into poetry. Over this wide range, the career of Beranger was in some measure instrumental in giving him the mastery; his life having been a round of perpetual vicissitudes from his first humble occupation of an inn-boy, to the time when his well-earned celebrity brought him into contact with the rich and great. Having witnessed, besides, the revolution in his youth, he, like every active mind then existing in his country, had formed strong political opinions, and being manly and independent enough never to conceal them, but on the contrary to advocate them with all his powers, he suffered again and again from the resentment of the Bourbons and others to whom his liberal notions, and his cutting satire, were specially obnoxious; for, among other subjects of his verse, politics were a favourite theme.

The character of Beranger's lyrics may be better understood by negative than positive description. The French poet is not so close and sententious as Horace, has not the refined wit and exquisite polish of Moore, and is inferior to Burns in tenderness and pathos. But he combines all these distinguishing characteristics of the illustrious song-writers now named, in a degree such as none of them singly possessed, nor any other lyrical poet perhaps that ever lived. Endowed with powers so rare, and employing them upon subjects so varied as we have described, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that Beranger should be equally admired by peer and by peasant, by every one, indeed, excepting the mean and the tyrannical, and that he is now one of the most noted men in his native country.

Lucien Bonaparte had the merit of first discovering and patronising Beranger's talents. This occurred in the beginning of the present century, when the poet was about his twentieth year. His first effusions were of a joyous description, corresponding well with the frank and careless spring-time of the mind which emitted them. The following song, which, in its English dress, has little pretension to any merit besides that of being a close translation, will give some idea of the light, arch, and simple character of these earlier and less ambitious effusions. A blind mother sits in a cottage beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while all the time an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom the old dame dreads:

Daughter, while you turn your wheel,
Listen to the words I say:
Cotin has contrived to steal

Your unthinking heart away:
Of his fawning voice beware,
You are all the blind one's care,
And I mark your sighs whenever

Our young neighbour's name is heard:
Cotin's tongue is false, though winning—
Hie! the window is unbarred!
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say,
But, my daughter, do not peep
Through the casement—night and day
Cotin there his watch dog keep.
Think not mine a grumbling tongue,
Ah! ere at my breast you hung,

I, like you, was fair and young,
And I know how apt is love
To lead the youthful heart to sinning—
Hie! the door—I heard it move!

Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!
It is a gust of wind, you say,
That hath made the hinges grate,
And my poor old growling Tray—

Must you break for that his pate?
Ah, my child, put faith in me,
Age permits me to foresee
Cotin soon will faithless be,
And your love to an abyss

Of grief will be the end beginning—
Hie me! sure I heard a kiss!
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

"Twas your little bird, you say,
Gave that tender kiss just now:
Make him cease his trifling, pray,
He will rue it else, I vow.
Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,
Shame and sorrow in his train,
While the false successful swain
Scorns the heart he hath beguiled
From true virtue's path to sinning—
Hie! I hear you moving, child;
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say:
Think you, daughter, I believe you?
Did young Cotin go his way,
Or at once as bride receive you?
Let him go to church, and there
Show his purpose to be fair,
But, till then, beside my chair
You must wait, my girl, nor heed
All his vows so fond and winning:
Tangled is love's web indeed—
Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

At the restoration of the Bourbons, Beranger was to make his songs the vehicle of political satire, an unwise step, for which he suffered severely. In XVIII. deprived him, in 1821, of a petty official which he had held, besides imposing on him a fine of 300 francs, and throwing him into prison for six months. In the time of Charles X., the poet received a still heavier punishment for a similar offence, he was imprisoned for nine months, and fined in ten thousand francs! On both occasions, the nation, sympathised in his sufferings, rallied round the poet, paid his fines by subscription, and in a great measure took the charge of his future maintenance.

It is not our intention to lay before the reader present any of Beranger's satirical effusions, the reader will be better pleased, we have no doubt, a specimen illustrative of the tenderness and easiness of his muse. A love of human freedom, however, breathes through all his writings, as the following translation, imperfect though it be, of his "Dove of Athens," will show:—

THE CARRIER DOVE OF ATHENS.

I sat by the side of my own dear May,
And drank of the sparkling wine,
And our talk was of Greece in her elder day,
When her arts and her arms were divine.
When, lo! at our feet there alighted a dove,
And a wing-hidden billet it bore:—
Wert thou sent, faithful bird, on a message of love?
Taste my cup, and repose from thy long flight above,
On the breast of my fair Isidore!

Though thy pinion now flags with its long weary flight,
Strength and freedom again shall be thine,
And thy task be fulfilled, whether true lover's plight,
Or trade be the theme of the line.
It may be, thou bear'st from the exiles that rove
After on a stranger shore
The last fond sigh to the land of their love—
Taste my cup, and repose from thy long flight above,
On the bosom of fair Isidore!

Ha! these letters are traced in the tongue of the Greek,
Which to France thou hast wafted with speed,
From Athens they come, and of glory should speak,
So a lover of glory may read.
Hurrah! Greece is free! Oh brave sounds of delight—
Does her laurel-tree flourish once more?
Will her children again be god-like and bright?
Taste my cup, faithful bird, and repose from thy flight,
On the breast of my own Isidore!

Old Athens is free! Let us drink, love, to Greece,
And her sons of the demigod race,
Who, while Europe stood by in inglorious peace,
Fought their way to their fathers' high place!
They have conquered, and pilgrims on Athens shall gaze
In pity and sadness no more,
For no more shall she be but a wreck of past days—
Taste my cup, thou bright rover in heavenly ways,
And rest with the fair Isidore!

Strike the lyre, Muse of Greece! wake the long-silent string,
And resume the proud empire of song!
She is free, in despite of our cold-hearted kings—
Of barbarian violence and wrong!
Her valleys again shall be verdant and fair,
Her laurels be green as of yore;
And her name with earth's highest and best shall compare,
Taste my cup, and recline, faithful rover of air,
On the breast of my own Isidore!

Lovely pilgrim of Hellas, repose yet a while,
Then away to thy fond watching mate,
And again may'st thou bear to oppression and guile
A message of loathing and hate!
Again may'st thou wait to each tyrant-filled throne,
Till it totters and quakes to its core,
The cries of a people—in freedom's dread tone—
Taste my cup, faithful dove, for thou soon must be gone,
From the breast of the fair Isidore!

While still in the prime of his life and power, a few years ago, took a public and a farewell of poetry, announcing at the same time his intention of dedicating the autumn of his days to historical composition, embodying his personal and recollections of the stirring times in which he flourished. He smiles at the thought, that he has so long stood before his contemporaries, character of a fanciful songster, may be known to future times chiefly as the "grave and judicious" Beranger! It is honourable to his countrymen that their generous patronage should be that leisure in the poet's power, which such a of views requires, though the result he anticipates not likely to ensue. On his songs rests his immortal name, and the chance is as fair as that of any poet of the present age. Meaning beautiful valedictory ode which the occasion gave to, may tend to lessen our regret at Beranger's death of the muse. With an admirable translation of this piece, for which we are indebted to the

Edinburgh Review, we shall conclude the present

"BRANGER'S ADIEU TO SONG."

Of late, to keep my fading garland green,
I tried to give some sportive measure birth;
When, lo! beside me was the fairy seen,
My nurse of yore beside the tailor's hearth.
'The wind,' she said, 'upon thy head blows bleak;
The night grows dark and long, and chill the sky;
With twenty years the voice may well be weak.
That never sang but when the storm was high.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.
'These days are over when the heart would bound,
And like a harp to every tone reply;
When mirth its playful lightnings scattered round,
And made a sunshine in the darkest sky.
Now narrower grows the heaven, more deep the gloom:
No more the joyous laugh of friends will flow:
Where are they sleeping? In the silent tomb
Lies here itself but a shadow now.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.
'Blest thou thy lot. Thy simple strains have led
The highborn muse to be the poor man's guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude unletter'd breast.
The orator a learned throng must find,
Thou didst more boldly against kings conspire,
And to the ditties of the street hast join'd
The high and solemn accents of thy lyre!
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.
'Thy pointed shafts that never spared the throne,
Fast as they fell, were gathered from the plain;
From hand to hand conveyed, and boldly thrown
By laughing thousands to their goal again.
Is vain that throne its thunders would recall,
Three days, and rusty muskets, tamed its pride.
For every shot which pierced its purple pall,
Who but the muse of song the charge supplied?
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.
'Proud was thy share in that immortal strife,
When men from plunder turn'd in scorn away;
The bright remembrance, crowning all thy life,
Shall glid with sunshine its declining day.
Oh thou, to younger ears repeat the tale,
Guide thou their bark—point out the rocks below;
And when with pride France shall thy pupils hail,
Warm thy cold winter at their youthful glow.'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow.
Yes, gentle fairy, at the poet's door
Thou tapp'st in time, and warn'd him to be gone.
Soon in his garret, shall he meet, once more,
Oblivion, of repose the sire and son.
Happily some friends, old comrades in the fight,
When I am gone, may wipe their eyes and say—
'We can remember when his star wax'd bright,
And Heaven, before it waned, withdrew its ray!'
Then, songs, adieu! Bare is my wrinkled brow;
The time the bird were hush'd—the storm begins to blow."

MANAGEMENT AND MISMANAGEMENT.*

GREAT men have written their "confessions." Why should I not write mine? I have something to tell as well as my neighbours, and, perhaps, to as good purpose. Listen, then, kind reader, to my gossiping narrative. My name is Philip Artervelde, and I am a descendant of one of the most respectable families in Belgium. I am married, and have a wife of the most agreeable dispositions, who has brought me two sons and three daughters. At my father's death, a small estate was left to me, which yielded a decent though not a large income. These are things important for you to know; but to let my history be known thoroughly, I must begin with my marriage. When this event took place, I was twenty-six years of age. Before receiving my wife into my house, I expended a great deal of money in what I thought necessary preparations. I bought a fine new dwelling-house, and filled it, from the roof to the cellar, with furniture of the best kind. At the same time, I purchased a horse and carriage, and in every thing, in short, endeavoured to anticipate my wife's wishes.

What with driving about, and paying and receiving visits, things went on very pleasantly with us for some time. When our first child was born, however, my wife found less leisure for pleasures of this kind, and as we had often determined that our superfluous expenses should decrease as our family increased, the horse and carriage were sold. This was a wise enough step, but, to my surprise, I found at the end of the year that our expenditure was not curtailed by it one whit upon the whole. This annoyed me the more, because I knew that one of our neighbours, a M. Lenoir, was in the habit of laying by two hundred crowns yearly, though his income was rather less than mine, and his family the same in number.

"I cannot comprehend how he manages to do it," said my wife one day to me.

"If I discover his plan, would you have the firmness to follow his example?" asked I. "I would certainly do so," was my wife's reply, and on the following day we made a visit of observation to the Lenoirs. After partaking of their hospitality, we turned the discourse upon household economy. "We are very frugal now," said Madame Lenoir, "in our table expenses. The times are hard; every thing is dear. Our dishes do not tickle the palate, but they agree all the better with the stomach. Coffee, sugar, and such things, have been given up by us, because they are so costly at this time, and we live chiefly on our vegetables, and plain soup. We thus maintain

our health and good humour, without having the annoyance of always seeing our last piece of money. The pleasure of feeding on luxuries cannot counter-balance the inquietude caused by an empty purse."

Several other particulars of her management were detailed to us by the lady. On returning home from our visit to the Lenoirs, my wife said, "These people starve on crumbs; they do not enjoy life, which is very foolish, as we only come into this world once. We will economise more rationally than they do; we will mix sucrory with our coffee, which will make it a cheaper diet than Madame Lenoir's soup, and it will still be coffee. As to our dinner, we must have one dish less." This retrenchment, as well as a number of minor ones, was accordingly put in force. Several years passed away, and still, at the end of every twelve months, I had not a shilling to spare. Our family had increased, a nurse had to be got to take care of the children, and they required clothes so incessantly, that a sempstress had to work daily in the house. It is inconceivable how many charges I had to support. M. Lenoir, in the meantime, had, like myself, five children born to him, yet every year he had found means to lay by two hundred crowns for the improvement of his estate.

"I cannot comprehend how he manages to do it," said my wife. To which repetition of her former remark, I again replied, "Will you follow his example?" She answered in the affirmative, and away we went again on a voyage of discovery to M. and Madame Lenoir's. The old subject being introduced, "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Madame Lenoir, "with all our children, things go on better than could be expected, and our family is quiet and regular. At five o'clock, we rise; breakfast at seven, dine at noon, sup at seven in the evening, and go to bed at nine. Summer and winter, it is the same. It is incredible, my dear friend," continued the lady, addressing my wife, "how much may be done between waking and sleeping, when one loves occupation, and every hour has its appointed duty! All is order with us. Every thing has its place, and minutes are never lost in searching for keys, scissors, or other little implements. We could find a needle in the dark here. This gives me a good deal of leisure, and I employ it in the children's affairs, so that I need neither nurse nor sempstress." Much more of the same kind did we listen to from Madame Lenoir before returning home. When we did so, I only observed to my wife, "Remember what our neighbour has said about the keys!"

For some time after this, our household was the most orderly that can be conceived. By and bye, however, it became again necessary to search for the keys. Our children grew up, and became such boisterous roving creatures, that a man-servant had to be got to take charge of them. Three or four years had again passed away, and I was as far from saving money as ever, while every year, M. Lenoir continued to lay by his two hundred crowns. "It is incomprehensible," said my wife to me, a third time; "his income is not greater than ours, yet his children are as well clothed, and he has money to spare!" Another visit was made by us to the Lenoirs, and on this occasion we candidly told them our thoughts. "My plans are simple," said M. Lenoir to us; "when I had no children, I visited my friends, and freely entertained them in return. Now, I am contented with the company of my family; for where can a man be happier than at his own fireside, with his children at his knees? A part of my house is let, because I had no use for it when I gave up company. With the rent, my children are clothed." Many more advices did M. Lenoir give us, and the result was, that my wife and I followed his example, and gave no more entertainments. But the children's wants were now increasing daily; books and pocket-money were in continual request for the boys, and the girls wanted lessons in dancing, music, and other accomplishments. I found at the end of each year that I had not yet learned the art of saving money. Meanwhile M. Lenoir went on with his annual saving of two hundred crowns.

"I can see no way of accounting for it," said my wife, "but that he must be a sorcerer." "Let us try again to discover the secret," was my reply; and away we went once more to the Lenoirs. "No; I am no sorcerer," said our neighbour Madame Lenoir; "listen to the way in which our household is managed, since our boys and girls grew up beyond childhood. My girls assist me in managing the house, each taking for a month in turn the charge of the kitchen, the dairy, and the poultry. Our eldest son is the teacher of all the rest; and in order to qualify him for this, he has received the best instructions, not only in the common branches of education, but in such accomplishments as music, dancing, &c. We began this practice so early, that the routine is become habitual to them all, and habit, you know, is second nature."

Alas! we found the truth of this maxim when we tried to introduce at home this new imitation of our neighbours. Our children were habituated to other ways, and habit is second nature. My eldest son was as good a scholar at school and college as theirs, but he could not teach what he learnt.

After M. Lenoir's eldest son had studied at college, he was, to my great surprise, placed by his father as apprentice to a rich and noted artisan. On asking M. Lenoir why he had done this, he replied, "I wish my son to have two strings to his bow. His education

never can be lost to him, and from the unsettled state of Europe just now, it is possible that he may have to depend some day on his hands for support." Pleased with this reasoning, I proposed the scheme to my wife for imitation. "No, no, husband!" cried she; "our son must be a surgeon or advocate, and so occupy a respectable station, which will enable him, probably, to make a grand marriage. How can an artisan expect to make a rich match?" Still stronger objections were started by the boy himself. "One cannot," said he, "walk two ways at once. Learn one thing, and learn it well. A jack of all trades is master generally of nothing." As a husband and father, I was always tractable, and said no more. My son remained at college, costing much money, and gaining none.

My daughters had received every accomplishment, and, being now grown to womanhood, were sent by their mother to balls, parties, and concerts, without number, which made it necessary to purchase for them expensive articles of dress more frequently than can be imagined. My wife and I deprived ourselves of many little comforts to give them these opportunities of forming advantageous connections. This was not the way with M. Lenoir's daughters. "Bah!" said their father, "my girls are not brilliantly accomplished, yet they can dance and sing. They do not go often to spectacles and assemblies, yet they meet their friends, and display their good qualities among those they know. Activity and industry are the best recommendations of young women, and an acquaintance with those duties which are required to manage a family, is the training they should receive before becoming their own mistresses."

When I repeated to my wife these sentiments of M. Lenoir—"Ah, he is right!" said she, "but we are right also. It may do very well for his daughters to remain at home; it is well known that he has money to give away with them, and accordingly admirers will seek them out and follow them. But our daughters must depend on their personal qualities, and not on their fortune, for we have none to give them. How then are they to attract lovers unless they show themselves at balls, concerts, and assemblies? The young Lenoirs may sit secure at their own firesides, but our poor dowdless girls must mix with the world to be seen and loved." I held my tongue, and assumed as much patience under the misfortune as I could, for I feared it to be incurable.

It would only tire the reader were I to linger any longer over the history of M. Lenoir's household and my own. His three daughters were married respectably and advantageously; mine showed themselves every where, smiled on all the world, and remained single. My wife and myself have lived poorly, and suffered great straits during their gaudy and superficial exhibitions. How my property now stands, or rather how much of it now remains, after all that my children have cost, it would be painful to me to dwell on. Rather let me tell, for I envy not what superior conduct has achieved, how M. Lenoir is now placed. After the marriage of his daughters, he changed his way of life. He has bought a little villa, a horse and a carriage, and tastes more freely of the ease and enjoyments of life. In making the same purchases at marriage, I began with what I should have concluded. "Why should we continue our strict frugality?" said M. Lenoir to me; "our property is so much increased, after thirty years of economy, as to yield a handsome income. My wife and I are advancing in years, and require many comforts which in our days of strength we would have scorned to indulge in; therefore we have our table better served, and we ride about instead of walking as formerly. We visit our children, and sport with our grandchildren. Oh, how much happiness have we to be thankful for! Our life is spent as it were in a paradise!"

Tears filled my good neighbour's eyes as he spoke, and drops also coursed down my own cheek. But mine were not, like his, tears of joy. I now see that good intentions, which it is some consolation to me to think that I have always preserved, are not all that is necessary to render life comfortable and happy. A certain degree of mental firmness and carefulness of disposition, leading to a provident management of the worldly possessions which providence has bestowed, is requisite to guide the father of a family in that course, which is ultimately most conducive to the welfare of himself and all connected with him.

THE BLOOD-HOUND.

THE Old English blood-hound (or talbot) was not originally indigenous to the British Isles, nor have we positive information as to the period of its introduction; though I entertain not the least doubt that this animal accompanied, or very soon followed, the baleful steps of that horde of Norman banditti, who, under William the Conqueror, established themselves in this country. The talbot, or Old English blood-hound, is about twenty-eight or twenty-nine inches in height; of substantial, strong, and muscular form; the face long and wide, and the head altogether very large; nostrils wide and expansive; ears large, very long, soft, and pendulous; eyes deeply seated; the countenance remarkably expressive, solemn, noble, and majestic; voice awfully deep, loud, and sonorous. The talbot was evidently the source whence have sprung all those ratiifications which, under the name of southern hounds, northern hounds, fox-hounds, stag-hounds, and beagles, are to be met with in various parts of the United Kingdom.

The most distinguishing characteristic or peculiarity of the talbot was his extraordinary sagacity and perse-

* Translated from the "Almanach Belge, pour 1837."

verance in tracing animals which had strayed away, or had been stolen, and also the thief himself. From the frequent employment of this animal in tracing stolen deer (shot by the deer-stealers, and the ground perhaps sprinkled with their blood), as well as in pursuing thieves, the term blood-hound, no doubt, originated; but if we consider the subject philosophically, we shall perceive that the word blood may be applied to the hunting of any other kind of hound precisely in the same manner. However, inasmuch as the talbot crined decidedly superior powers in the pursuit, could challenge and carry a scent, when no other variety of the tribe could recognise it, he became distinguished accordingly. Let us see whence he derived this extraordinary faculty. Having already remarked that the talbot has a very large head, it may be further observed that his head is much more capacious than that of any other kind of dog; on this account, therefore, he is more abundantly supplied with those little white cords (which the dissecting knife will render as palpable as possible) which constitute the olfactory organ, or sense of smell, and is enabled consequently to evince that acuteness and sagacity in the pursuit which has so frequently excited the astonishment of the superficial observer.

A sportsman will remark, that such a hound has a better nose than canopion. Why?—because his head is wider and more capacious. In dogs with capacious heads, the snout bone is larger and contains more openings than in narrow-headed dogs; so that the olfactory nerves, which pass through it, are more numerous and more minutely divided; and thus that exquisite acuteness of smell is produced, which must always be found in dogs with broad capacious heads: hence that extraordinary superiority displayed by the talbot becomes perceptible. The talbot was formerly much in use in certain districts on the Scottish and English border, which were infested by robbers and murderers; and these hounds were maintained at the public expense; and there was a law in Scotland, that whoever refused entrance to one of them in pursuit of stolen goods, should be deemed an accessory. They are faintly recollected in Scotland by the name of *deuth-hound*.

These animals were used in the pursuit of the moss-trooper, called *hot-trod*; whence they acquired the name of *slough dogs*, from their perseverance in exploring mosses (moraes) and bogs in pursuit of thieves.

When the barbarous and petty chieftains of the north were frequently in open hostility against each other, the vanquished who fled from the savage and sanguinary conflict, were frequently hunted from cave to cave by a dog of this description, and slaughtered in cold blood. When, something more than a century ago, deer-stealing was so much practised in this country, the foresters and keepers pursued the marauders with these dogs; and when once one of them was laid well on the scent, they considered detection as certain; a criminal was regarded as half-convicted the moment the talbot recognised the scent.

The South American blood-hound, called also the *Cuba blood-hound*, possesses but little pretension to the character which he has assumed, as far at least as the sense of smell is concerned, or compared with the noble animal which has formed the subject of the preceding observations.

The indigenous dog of America is a small weak creature, and the natives were struck with horror on beholding the large ferocious dogs which originally accompanied the Spaniards. To be brief, the dog taken by the Spaniards to America was a sort of mastiff, found all over the European continent, remarkable for its savage disposition, its ferocity, and its activity. This dog, this South American blood-hound, as he is called, is nearly as high as the English mastiff, but his head is smaller, the lower part more taper, lips much closer, legs rather thin, but cleaner than those of the dog just mentioned; his countenance presents a most malignant savage appearance. With such animals the persecuted natives of America were pursued and half-worried to death; with them also, subsequently, have the runaway negroes been hunted down by the remorseless Spaniards. However, when those dogs were used, it was generally found necessary to employ a smaller canine assistant, called a *finder*, on account of the inferiority of the larger animal's sense of smell. When the Maroons in Jamaica appeared in arms, for the purpose of shaking off their intolerable oppressions (under the governorship of Lord Balcarra), a number of these dogs were procured, with their Spanish attendants, from Cuba; and so terrified were the unfortunate blacks at the idea of being hunted by these animals, that they immediately submitted.

The talbot possesses all the courage of the Cuba blood-hound, without the malignant ferocity which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of the latter; to a mild, majestic appearance, the talbot adds a most acute sense of smell; qualities in which the South American blood-hound is very deficient.—*Sunday Times*, Nov. 13, 1836.

MISPLACING WORDS.

The following sentence from a work of fiction of modern date, entitled "Peter Simple," shows how ridiculous a very ordinary expression may be rendered, by the misplacing of words—"He was in his library, a large room, surrounded with handsome book-cases, sitting in an easy chair." That is to say—the book-cases were sitting in an easy chair—a thing by the way rather remarkable. If it had been the man who was sitting in the easy chair, the sentence would have been written thus—"He was sitting in an easy chair in his library." Here there could have been no room for misapprehension. This kind of slovenliness in the construction of sentences is very common. In a late newspaper, we saw the following droll announcement—"The locomotive engine constructed for the St. Petersburg railway, at Newcastle, had its trial on Saturday." We never knew before that the St. Petersburg railway is situated at Newcastle! Perhaps we may be told that the commas in these sentences save the credit of the writers. This is a lame excuse. Nonsense cannot be construed into sense by the aid of commas, and for the very good reason that, in reading aloud, we do not name the points as we go along. Authors should always write in such a manner that, when their compositions are read aloud, the audience will find no difficulty in comprehending at once what is meant.

THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

This day the courts at Westminster will display, as usual, all the pomp and pageantry of glorious law—glorious and lucrative to a few, but destructive to at least one-half of the suitors, who must unquestionably be miserable. What is this boasted law? It is like turtle-soup at a tavern, sold at an extravagant rate. Whether the plaintiff in a suit be right or wrong, his cause cannot go on without the payment of enormous fees. Such is the great principle upon which the civil law of this country is now administered, and a knowledge of the fact has prevented thousands from obtaining justice. A short time since, a man filed a bill in Chancery to recover out of the hands of an swindler a small freehold, long the property of his ancestors. The justice of his claim was proved and admitted, but the costs of the proceedings were to be paid, and the house was sold for that purpose. The wretched suitor, reduced to poverty, established his legal claim at the expense of his inheritance. This was law—was it justice? Another seeks by action of ejectment to recover possession of an estate left by his father. He is poor, and unable to pay into the hands of his attorney the expense of stamps, and the fees necessary to bring the cause to trial. The fraudulent holder of the estate is rich. The poor man's attorney is told by indirect means that he may obtain more by losing the cause than he can get by bringing it to trial. A bribe finds its way into his hands, a wilful blunder is made in the proceedings, and the poor plaintiff is defeated in his right of action. These atrocious proceedings spring out of the law as it is now constituted. Many others might be quoted, but such abuses are too well known to require details. It is a general complaint that the practice of the law is at variance with justice. The judges are pure, and raised above temptation, but the fees and expenses in their courts amount, where a poor man is concerned, to a denial of justice. What have the great reformers done to correct this evil? Nothing. Justice is uncertain, costs are certain, and fall like an avalanche to crush the poor man and his family. The knowledge of this compels the poor and honest creditor to abandon his claim, and lose a debt rather than sue for it. We have great reformers, who profess the strongest desire to support the rights and comforts of the people. Such men should rescue the law from the odium under which it stands, and make justice preserve a fair balance. Many will go to see the legal array on the first day of term, but reflection must convince them it is a display which cannot excite pleasure. The dense cloud of black gowns is portentous of sorrow, pain, and misfortune, in preparation for a large portion of his majesty's subjects. The system is bad—reform it altogether.—*From an old number of the Morning Advertiser newspaper.* [We beg leave to add, what the writer of the above paragraph has omitted, that the impossibility of getting justice either speedily or cheaply is fast demolishing the trade of lawyers. Few men in their senses, now-a-days, will go to law. They know they will be losers, even should they win, for nothing can compensate the distress of mind endured in litigation. We know a case in court at present which any two rational men could satisfactorily settle in an hour, and in all likelihood it will take two years for decision. What a protraction of misery is this!

PARODY ON "TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

To have it out or not? That is the question—Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer The pangs and torments of an aching tooth, Or to take steel against a host of troubles: And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to tug!—No more. And by a tug to say we end The tooth-ache, and a thousand nature's ills The jaw is heir to: 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished! To pull—to tug!—To tug—perchance to break! Ay, there's the rub. For in that wrench what agonies may come, When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe, Must give us pause. There's the respect, That makes an aching tooth of so long life. For who would bear the whips and stings of pain, The old wife's nostrum, dentist's gentleness? The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay: The insolence of pity, and the spurs, That patient sickness of the healthy takes!—When he himself might his quietus make For two-and-sixpence? Who would fardels bear, To groan and sweat beneath a load of pain!—But that the dread of something lodg'd within The linen twisted forceps, from whose pangs No law at ease returns!—puzzles the will: And makes it rather bear the ills it has, Than fly to others that it knows not of. Thus dentists do make cowards of us all—And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear; And many a one, whose courage seeks the door, With this regard his footsteps turns away, Scared at the name of dentist.

—From the Rev. C. A. W.—'s *Abbas*.

COW-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

Once upon a time a farmer, residing at Epping Forest, having rather an elderly cow which began to be very slack of milk, he determined to get rid of her, and to purchase another. He accordingly took her to Romford fair, and sold her to a cow-dealer for about £4. He did not know, however, that the cow-dealer was promising enough in appearance, and returned home without a cow, but satisfied with the price he had got for the "old one." The cow-dealer calculated upon Smithfield market as a betteremporium for disposing of his bargain, and accordingly drove her there, in order to sell her to the poultry-pudding merchants; but there was a glut in that description of dainty in consequence of the late floods, which have proved fatal to many poor beasts. The cow would not sell even for the money which had been just given for her, and the owner was about to dispose of her for less—when a doctor, who had been regarding the beast for some time, offered, for a fee of 5s. to make her as young as she had been ten years before. The fee was immediately paid, the doctor took his patient to a stable, carded her all over—prescribed some strange diet for her—sawed down her horns from the rough and irregular condition to which years had swelled them, into the tapering and smoothness of youth, and delivered her to the owner, more like a calf, than the venerable ancestress of calves. The cow-dealer was struck with the extraordinary transformation, and it is immediately occurred to him (a proof that a cow-dealer can be dishonest as well as a horse-dealer) to sell her for the highest price he could get for her, without saying a word about her defects and infirmities. Having learned that the Epping farmer was in want of a cow, he thought he could not send his bargain to better quarters than those she was accustomed to, and he forthwith dispatched her to Romford market, where her old master was on the look-out for a beast. She immediately caught his eye. "He asked her age." The driver did not know, but she was a "fine young cow," said the driver, "and a cow very like her somewhere," said the farmer. "Ay," said the driver, "then you must have seen her a long way off, for I believe she is an Alderney." "An Alderney! What do you ask for her?" The price was soon fixed. The driver got the sum of £15. 7s. for the cow, and the farmer sent her home. The ingenuity exercised might be guessed at from the fact, that the person who drove the beast home had been at her tail for the last seven years at least twice a day, and yet he did not make the discovery, although she played some of her old tricks on the journey, and turned into the old

cow-house, and lay down in her old bed, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. At length the discovery was to be made. The cow was milked, and milked, but the most that could be got from her for breakfast was a pint, and that was little better than sky-blue. The farmer, in grief and astonishment, sent her to a cow-doctor, who had been in the habit of advising in her case, and complained that she gave him no milk. "Milk!" said the doctor, "how should she, poor old creature? Sure it isn't by cutting her horns, and giving her linseed oil-cakes, and scrubbing her limbs, that you can expect to make her give milk." The farmer was soon convinced of the imposture, and would have forgiven him if the laugh against him could have been endured. This was not the case, he applied to the Lord Mayor of London, for redress, but was told that his lordship could do nothing in the matter. *Old Scrap Book*.

THE POWER OF WOMEN.

An editor in one of the country towns in the western states of America makes a most strange apology for the non-appearance of his paper on the regular day of publication, which we give in his own words:—"I feel ashamed to own the fact, but 'twould will out." The plain reason was, my readers, that my dear wife said, *I must stay at home and take care of the children*, which I sent to a camp meeting, and as I am a peace-making sort of a man, I did as I was bid, which is the only apology I have to make."

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.

A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gave the following as his own experience of it. "When I first came to settle about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife ain't comfortable yet."

UNION OF AN EAR.

In June 1833, a miller received a sabre cut at a public house, which completely amputated his right ear. Before he left the house, he picked up the ear from the ground, and put it into his pocket: this was in the evening. Early the following morning he went to a surgeon, and showed him the ear, now cold and somewhat crushed. The surgeon washed the ear in spirits and water, and made a new edge to the wound of the part which he had just possessed, and to that of the ear which he had lost. After accurately fitting the parts, he kept them together by four stitches, and dressed them with adhesive plaster, compresses, and an appropriate bandage. The day after, some of the dressings were removed, in order to make sure that the parts were in contact: the point of union was then observed to be perfect. The patient was feverish, and had thirst and headache. In six days these symptoms disappeared, and the helix began to assume its vital warmth; the lobular extremity united the first; the other parts suppurated; and granulations appeared on the cartilages. In little more than a month the cure was complete. The patient's right ear was almost in the same condition as the left, and all that was remarked was an elliptic linear cicatrix at the point of union.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal*.

A HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

About the time of Bonaparte's departure for St. Helena, a spectably dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public that great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth, to accompany the ex-emperor to St. Helena: he added further, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's sisters had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those noxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and kittens as could possibly be procured for money in a short space of time; and therefore he publicly offered in his handbills, for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, 10s. for every adroit male puss, and half-a-crown for every thriving vigorous kitten that could swallow milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs on a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished by the intrusion of a multitude of old women, boys, and girls, into their streets, all of whom carried on the shoulders either a bag or a basket, which appeared to contain some restless animal. Every road, every lane, was thronged with this comical procession; and the wondering spectators of the scene were involuntarily compelled to remember the old riddle about St. Ives:

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kittens,
Kittens, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

Before night a congregation of nearly three thousand cats was collected in Chester. The happy owners of these sweet-natured creatures proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed; the cats squealed; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the streets howled bass. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burdens, and began to fight. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were employed in opening the mouths of the sacks, and liberating the cats from their situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders and heads of the combatants, and as squalling towards the walls of the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens, attracted by the noise, had opened the windows to gaze at the uproar. The cats, rushing with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balconies and galleries, for which the town is so famous, leaped slapdash through the open windows into the apartments. Now were heard the crashes of broken china—the howling of afflicted dogs—the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of wretched citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning about five hundred dead bodies were seen floating on the river Dea, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading host, the victims of this cruel joke, having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

EBENEZER ADAMS.

This celebrated Quaker, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus accented her—"So, friend, I see thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reasonable reproach had such an effect upon the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately laid aside her trappings of grief, and went about her necessary business and avocations.—*The Sims*.

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